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Spring Term, 1933



University College, Southampton



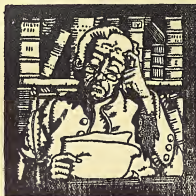
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THE EDITOR SPEAKS.

"Without or with offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."



Members of a Society always tend to group themselves and become members of a mutual admiration society. Nowhere, perhaps, can this tendency be better seen than in one of the modern universities that have not the same colourful background as Oxford and Cambridge. Serving, we imagine, as outposts of culture in a Philistine world, their members are always apt to fall back on each other and unite in their hostility to the outside world. While members of the permanent staff may endeavour to carry culture out into the darkness, undergraduates seem to prefer to bring their philistinism to college with them. By a natural reaction the modern provincial

undergraduate often tends to flaunt his ignorance as a virtue, or even to assume a pretence of ignorance, presumably that he may be acceptable to those that are. But one thing at least that seems to lap round undergraduates is apathy.

We see no reason to think that apathy is more prevalent here than elsewhere. The reverse should rather be the case, for we still have a concrete achievement we are aiming at. Inactivity and apathy seem to be our besetting sin. A college of 500 students that can only raise an audience of 100 for a speaker of the importance of Dr. Maxwell Garnett seems also to be far from enthusiastic in other directions. The Debating Society is one of the most important in college. Yet an audience of over thirty is a rarity at a Saturday morning debate, when at least two-thirds of the students have no lectures. It remains to be seen whether the belated motion on King and Country arouses more interest. Smaller societies suffer in the same way from lack of audiences for their speakers. It seems that the majority of college societies are run by a little band of enthusiasts who spend their time trying to infuse a little of that enthusiasm into their fellow students. Inability or unwillingness to deal with really controversial subjects is shown by the absence of any kind of ethical society. This, at least, is a specific and local weakness. Debating and ethical societies at several other provincial universities hold large and controversial meetings. Perhaps the closer contact of northerners with the country's centres of production gives them a greater opportunity of considering the larger issues of contemporary affairs, but we seem to take little notice of the way in which they are tending.

In spite of this general apathy, the College is making steps forward, but more often than not they are made by individuals or by small collections of individuals. The majority of the College is no doubt unaware that the Boat Club has been undefeated for the last eighteen months, but it does at least realise the feat of the Soccer Club in reaching the semi-final—if no further—of the U.A.U. Soccer Championship. In other directions there have been definite successes. The Inter-Varsity Debate was well appreciated by a large number of students, while the production of the "Mikado" was an undoubted success. But all these things are achievements in which the rest of the College does nothing but sit and watch. There is little enough in this of that ideal communism of college life to which we have already referred.

We may perhaps be able to look to an advance next year when the proposed elimination of two-year students will allow the College to approximate more nearly to university status. For the idea of a university, whatever it may be, is certainly not a specific vocational one, and of all courses the certificate course is perhaps the most definitely vocational one. Again, the spreading of broader ideas among the authorities on the subject of leave is very encouraging. Individual improvements not very considerable in themselves have a vast effect collectively; it seems that at present this is the best way for us to advance.

But what is the use of an oasis of culture if we remain (seemingly) sublimely indifferent to outside affairs?



THE AGITATOR.



At eight o'clock even the sparrows are hushed, that busy themselves during the day among the trees and monuments of the Town Square. Their pert dives and dashes are finished for the day and passers-by walk lightly beneath the trees that edge the Square. But though the birds are hushed, other life becomes more strident : mechanical creatures come into their own, and the orators of the Square find it hard at times to keep together an audience in face of the shrill trams and the clumsy buses. For at eight o'clock begin the poor man's meetings in the Square, and the unemployed that stand about dejectedly in front of the sombre doors of the Labour Exchange, or sit a-doze over well-fingered periodicals in the Reading Rooms nearby, cross over, mostly singly, sometimes in twos and threes that have struck up friendships in these disheartening surroundings, to listen to the Elm Foursquare man with his stool and bright-coloured chart, or the Bethel Mission man, or the out-and-out Protestant, with black trilby and heavy moustache, who tirades against the holy Catholic Church who sets up her stand on the fourth side, at the bottom of the monument. The great Victoria—in stone, with weather-streaked face and bosom—still gazes serenely night and day at a spot half way up the mock-classic colonnade of the Town Hall, whatever opinions, heretical enough to her living ears, may be bandied about below.

Most of the speakers the onlookers have come to know, for each Saturday night the same speakers are there, save that sometimes the place of the Protestant is taken by a speaker not nearly so familiar. The little atheist comes but rarely and at varying intervals. Sometimes, indeed, he comes and finds all four sides of the monument taken ; but to-night he is there the first, and sets to to gather his listeners around him. Like curious children that gradually gather round the embers of a garbage fire on waste land, the atheist's audience grows. And with it grows his enthusiasm. For at first he spoke on a subdued note. He had come a long distance that day—thirty miles or more since he slept in his last casual ward on his way from the West. Week after week and month after month he tramped about so, each time as certain of disappointment as before. This continual disappointment had come to be written in his face and his own unsuccess witnessed against him wherever he went. Sometimes when he spoke in towns and villages, he would make his own life his subject and bring secret compassion on his head for his hardships. But to-night, of his own failure he spoke only a few words, for his torn trousers and frayed overcoat spoke for him. The Rhondda valley, his birthplace, where men crowd in on each other to hew a bare pittance from the earth, his rebellious trancies and final escape from home and the prospect of the pit, his wanderings since, short and infrequent employment with long intervals of forced idleness ; all these he dismissed in a few words, and worked round to the subjects dear to his heart—capitalism, royalty, communism and atheism. He was not without some reading on these subjects, for these are the topics which force themselves on a penniless rebel against society, and, by now, years of failure had made him one. Magazines and newspapers in reading rooms, conversation in dosshouses and elsewhere, and a hatred of society's methods of charity, had made him a bitter enemy of the institutions that lowered over him like a cloud. The nearest he reached to happiness was at those few times when he forgot his unhappiness, when he was carried away by the lumbering force of his own eloquence. When he attacked with the fine carelessness of misery the institutions of his world, his little frame seemed unworthy to hold this living spirit of rebellion, still untamed after years of hardship. To-night was one of the times when he was carried away by his own enthusiasm ; his words came quicker, he was more confident of himself, no longer feeling for

phrases to take his audience. For him his audience no longer existed. Burning with the strength of his own fire, he was in his exulted spirit no longer a hungry ex-miner speaking in the town square to an audience of sluggish unemployed, but a mouthpiece voicing the eternal disharmony of body and spirit that cannot be reconciled.

Above the noise of trams and cars came his voice, thin and harsh as the rain that drizzled slowly down, yet as passionate as a glowing fire :—

" And the capitalists grind us down, crush us under their weight, feed us into the wheels of their machines, like slush into a sewer ; and we are content to take a crust from their hands and praise God for making us. As well praise the machines that kill us, the pits that suck us down, as this empty cruel god man has made in his own image, this god in every man's mind, this god that speaks through the mouths of his clergy in favour of every war that baits present cruelty with the lure of unlimited and impossible power. Clergy and capitalists hang together. The clergy are capitalists like the rest ; but their capital is not goods, but gods. They see the world working towards a new future. They have secret fears, but they smirk at each other and think, ' Ah, well, it'll all last my time, and my son's time, so my pile won't be wasted.' But, look now, they are growing afraid ; they see monarchies falling, and, in places, even the holy capitalist church abolished ; and all they do is to league against the new spirit, put embargoes on it, for in it is their death, and with them goes the system of myths and marvels they have made. With them goes their god, the god of the Hebrews, of the crusades, of the religious wars, of the social wars of to-day. The worn-out monarchies and the paid-up capitals will go with them ; when the corner-stone is taken away, the whole house of ill-fame will fall'

Only a perfunctory murmur greeted the end of his speech, and his listeners, too heavy-hearted to hope, released from the one thing that bound them together, shuffled away wearily one by one to walk the brightly-lit streets or to listen to the Elim man, engaged in a fierce argument with his audience.

The little atheist looked round and sighed, as his mind ran on into his ideal future, and his eye saw at the same time how silently and quickly his apathetic audience had dissolved away. No use trying to get anyone into an argument. No use challenging them to refute you. They just stared at you with their heavy eyes, and you realised the hopelessness of ever trying to get them to do anything, of organising them, of ever doing anything with them except stamp phrases into their minds by mechanical repetition. These, he thought, were the rough stone from which the future must be hewn, the ground in which the seed is sown. What a sterile task ! What a heart-breaking endeavour !

But as he moved away, turned up his collar and pulled his greasy cap down over his eyes to keep off the faint drizzle that had lasted all the evening, his heart was not so heavy-laden as not to hope, nor so desperate that he could not try to drown his fears in thinking of the future. For, on tramp, it was always his dreams that kept him going, and that made the day a perpetual reverie. Only his dreams made him submit to the degrading conditions of casual wards. All he looked forward to then was a job, perhaps, in the next town, or the chance of speaking in the square. To-night his own words still left a glow in him, and this ill-dressed, ill-fed wanderer was carried along by them, all unconscious of the brimming gutters and forgetful of the persistent rain.

But the cold and damp bit through at last into his heart, and he turned with a sickening feeling to seeking out a dosshouse for the night. After an hour he was forced to come back to the place where he always stayed when he was here—dirty, barely furnished, disgusting even, but cheap.

He could not afford to buy himself a supper, for a dosshouse was a luxury which he only permitted himself in cities, and even then only when he wanted to be alone instead of herded with others, inspected and questioned. He sat in the comfortless room and turned in wearily at ten o'clock. Time had no meaning for him now; he had nothing to do except fritter it away, but some of his old regular habits still held comfort for him. He lay a long time in the dark room, thinking of his hard boyhood and his harder manhood, living from hand to mouth for the last five years, existing on odd jobs of work he was able to pick up from time to time. But what he so disliked was the perpetual squalor in which he was forced to live. It was impossible to resist it; it would pull down a man of genius into the lowest depths, for it was all-pervading, and only an unconquerable inner force could hold out against it. All he had was a rebel spirit that cannot break away entirely, but is forced to live amid what it hates and is not powerful enough to ignore it. He was a rebel, but not rebel enough. And so he had failed and must fail; his early life had sapped enough of his independence to keep him unwillingly subject. However long the rope might be, he was still tethered. . . . He mused a long time and his thoughts hovered always round these ideas as he heard the clocks chime the hours one after one. And at last everything in this slum bye-street was still, even the dosshouse.

They found him in the morning with his head lying to one side on the pillow and a queer, ugly smile on his face, as if he had suddenly surprised himself laughing, and had leered. His dirty shirt lay open at the neck and showed his thin neck. Even now he had not been able to get away from the sordidness that hangs round poverty. His hand lay against the faded coverlet and rough blankets. It seemed that his head had moved after he had cut his throat, and the smear of blood on his face contrasted oddly with his slimy moustache and his bedraggled hair, clotted underneath on the pillow.



IN THE DREAR DREAD WINTER.



N the drear, dread winter,
When a new year begins,
And the lonely muffled hunter
Puts frozen hand to gun,
The huddled trees stand close,

With skinny arms and spare,
And creatures leave the clues
Of their blue-shadowed spoor,

Then life lies underground
In burrows or in holes ;
(Only the scarecrow groaned
(Swinging round on his heels).

Now on the bolted doors
Chill-handed winter knocks,
Only the light heart dares
Laugh from the chimney-nooks.

High in the windy flue
Go smoking log and leaf,
Keeping the body's glow
With warmth of dead life.

Setting aside the dread
Of winter's gnawing,
We live on by the dead
That are dead unknowing.

By these unchronicled
Will the new year begin,
If there are any called
To be the spring again.

Theirs is death that gives birth,
Birth death, man or brute ;
Theirs is life that gives both
With turn and turn about.

But if any have to their lot
Hunger and dearth,
All our lives are lit
By an empty death.



HELL SICKNESS.



FOR two days the devil had been after me and I was beginning to weaken. I was afraid that I might become hysterical, and that would be awkward because Frenchmen could hardly be expected to be sympathetic to a raving Englishman. They were more than a trifle rude to me as it was, seeming to take it as a deliberate affront that I did not speak their language. Oh! but I was weary. Forty-eight hours without sleep, a rich but sinister land full of dull babbling foreigners, and still a long, long journey before I was rid of them. Was this not enough? I was on the brink of miserable tears, for there was always the devil close to my heels. Sooner or later I supposed he would spring and I should go moaning into Hell, like Faustus.

I had often read of his activities in this part of France. There was a baron somewhere hereabouts who had celebrated the Black Mass in the vaults of his castle. He used to hold evangelical campaigns in the surrounding countryside (with the aid of hot irons and a few enormous cats), and when at last they ran him to earth in his castle, they found that the place was full of beautiful wild-eyed women, all mad with horror. God be thanked for Our Lady of Lourdes, thought I, but even she must find it hard to hold her own in this evil place. It all reeked of Hell, with its fat lands and rainbow rivers and crazy stooks of hay.

I felt most of all a kind of weary dismay. It was no use. I was going to die and die fearfully, unconfessed. The priests could speak no English and I no French. I cursed myself for neglecting my Latin. There at least we might have had some common ground. And the devil was after me. At three o'clock that morning I had climbed into the train north of Saintes and had very nearly sat on his belly, an evil, soft, slightly painted belly. He was lying on his back on the seat in a darkened compartment, pretending to be asleep. There was a leer on his face, and in the grey light I fancied I could see the arrow-head point of his tail squeezed between him and the upholstered wall. Sweating with terror I sat down opposite him and tried to pray, but I couldn't manage it. His leer seemed to spread then, but he still pretended to sleep. And so we ran ahead as dawn was breaking.

At Saintes I scrambled out and stood close to a fat porter, who smelled of garlic, and waited for my other train. This time I made no mistake. I took the only available seat in a compartment where a French family had been sleeping all night. They had all removed their shoes. The stench was terrible and I nearly fainted, but I was rid of him—the evil, slinking swine! It was useless, of course, to try to persuade them to have the window open. So I sat and watched the sunrise through the smudgy window, while the dreadful truth dawned upon me. He was attacking me in the form of a smell. I choked. I happened to touch my eyelids, and found to my horror and disgust that my eyes were bulging. Had there been two more miles to Bordeaux I should have died, but there were only one and a half.

So it went on. At Bordeaux he flung me down a flight of stone steps in the subway and covered me with bruises. At Dax he breathed a cloud of dust which dried and cracked my skin. At Pau he put up a false board saying that my train would leave at 13.33, but it left at 13.13. My last gift from Heaven was a porter who spoke a little Spanish. He was apologetic, but I must have been mistaken—there was the board with 13.13 on it—was I tired?—I could sleep under the trees in the park

—it lacked six hours before the next train would leave for the mountains. I took the good fellow's advice and went and lay down in the grass. I believe I actually slept for about two minutes before I awoke with a horrible jerk. He had covered me with long, dry, yellow lizards. Ugh! I shook myself feverishly, and they darted away in all directions into the grass and sunlight. The afternoon sun beat on to my head as I crossed the dusty stretch to the lift and was ground up into the higher part of the town. No peace here. It was the fourteenth of July and the place was full of wine-flown soldiers beating drums, and over-developed, white, flabby French girls hanging on to their arms and pressing themselves against them. Disgusting foreigners! I sat on a seat and tried to see the famous view of the mountains, but it was all distorted by a singing pink mist before my eyes. A man sat down close to me and addressed me in French.

"Je ne parle pas francais!" said I.

"Oh, good! You're English," said he.

But I was wary. This was altogether too good to be true. The devil was in it somewhere. I was right, sure enough. Two minutes conversation and I saw that he was a sexual pervert of the slinking kind (as distinct from the heroic). Probably he had come to stretch his wasted body in some home overlooking the Pyrenees and to die in a hole like a snake that has been stepped on. I wanted to spit at him.

The train lurched out of the town and across the rattling bridge that spans the stony river. I felt weak and sick, but every mile now took me nearer Spain. Evening was beginning to close in and I suppose the country would have seemed beautiful to a more casual man, and one moreover who had had a good night's sleep and was not being chased by the devil. The evil was closer than ever now. The guard was a brown imp with sin in his eyes. Each blast of his whistle was sheer agony to me. He had two companions on the electric motor who were engaged in making a weird hooting noise which made my tongue rise up against my will and cling to the roof of my mouth. And I knew that my enemy himself was in one of the compartments at the back of the train. Once I saw the guard glance sideways at him before blowing his whistle—and that time the stab that went through me was worse than ever.

Slowly darkness fell and the green slopes outside grew steeper as we penetrated further into the mountains. The cold mountain night was coming and golden lights began to show in the gloom high on the hillsides, where shepherds were snuggling down for the night. The windows of the little stone houses glowed with comfort and welcome, and on the stations where we stopped, cheerful, sleepy people chattered happily before going off to bed. There are very few things more beautiful than this last touch of a summer day in the Pyrenees. I thought of a little low-roofed room and of a tall labourer coming in and slipping his rucksack on to the board floor, looking abstractedly at the baby while his wife, red-cheeked and drowsy, ladled out the soup for his supper. Happy people! But I knew they were doomed—for to enjoy this last a man must sell his soul to the devil. They might be happy in this life, but when they died there was nothing for them but everlasting pain.

Forges d' Abel.

The green slopes had given place to grey-white crags, and it was nearly dark. I dared to put my head out of the window and I saw him whip out of his compartment and up the line ahead of us—swish—into the tunnel. Then I realised it. The tunnel! Hell lay at the other end of it—he had gone to prepare for me! I started up with a scream, but was jolted back again.

Buz-z-z-z ! went the station-whistle.

Wheeeeech ! piped the guard, tearing into my lungs.

Whooooo ! moaned the motor, and again my tongue rose up sickeningly.

And then we were in the tunnel.

It grew hotter and hotter, and we whipped along faster and faster. Death crawled over me. Long it lingered and I was conscious of it all the time. Worse and worse, agony on agony. Each pain as it came to me seemed bad beyond believing. I moaned to think of their very stupendousness. One by one they rolled over me until at last I began to realise that I was somebody else. I was filled with evil now—inevitably filled. There was a dull voluptuous glow inside me. Filthy thoughts ran through my mind and I luxuriated in them. I was the wickedest beast I had ever known. My eyes must have glowed with lechery and every other sin. Truly I had been well prepared for Hell. Moreover I was undoubtedly dead, although I was still in the train.

At last we emerged and drew up in a red glare. I dropped silkily on to the warm grey platform, exulting in my evil thoughts. A familiar being with protruding eyes, each looking in a different direction, took my arm and led me gently through a great bronze door, speaking in my ear in lazy, liquid Spanish. He leered at me and I leered at him, and we both turned slowly to look at the great building in which we stood. It was all of polished marble, jade green and white. The floor echoed sweetly and the walls soared up to meet the great dome with its cedar supports. People eddied around us without touching us, and up a marble staircase which broke the great expanse of floor in the middle came dark, beautiful women, with long earrings, leading little girls. Again my guide and I exchanged looks of evil joy, and as we drew our eyes apart I seemed to hear a soft thud, like a cork being drawn slowly from a bottle. No doubt this made my eyes look like his. Oh ! but we understood each other, we two.

Undoubtedly we were in one of the cathedrals of Hell. The building was splendid and seemed to centre round the high place under the dome. In one of our cathedrals the altar would have been there, as it used to be in St. Sofia, but here there was only the staircase leading from below, up which came the beautiful women. High above us drifted a white cloud—Hell's incense. Round the walls were dotted confessionals, and my guide led me to one of them. I gave him some French notes and he gave me Spanish ones in return, one of which I passed through to the priest concealed within. He gave me back some huge silver coins. Beautiful things—great trollying silver pieces—duros ! Heavy they were and sweet. Oh, Hell was good ! Money and every other evil was a million times more lovely than on earth. Oh ! hell, hell, *hell*, *HELL*, *HELL* !

"Oh, it's quite easily explained," said Pedrito, down at the Residence in Spain ; "you must have been dog-tired—more than forty-eight hours without sleep. I am pretty nearly certain that the critical point was when the sun was shining on your head down at Pau. It is very warm there. And I assure you that when I myself first saw that station at Canfranc I was as fresh as a daisy and as sober as a judge, but it gave me a shock. I can imagine the effect on you, a sick man. Just like a cathedral, minus the altar. It happened through a little tussle between the French and Spanish Officers of Works, you know. They tried to outdo each other in the extravagance

of their specifications for the frontier station. I forget which side won. It doesn't much matter. But I can well imagine the shock it gave you by the state you were in when you got here. Mother of God ! you did look sick.

" Yes, so like a cathedral" he went on musingly, as these psychologists will ; " that great dome with the engine steam crawling about like incense, and all those booking-offices and money-changing places and bookstalls ranged round the walls, and looking for all the world like confessionals when they're shut up for the night. You can thank Heaven you had that little porter with the funny eyes to look after you. He's a treasure.

" Just who that fellow was who dogged you as far as Forges d' Abel doesn't much matter. It is very interesting that you should have associated him with the devil. Some of these Frenchmen look quite villainous enough to be the Old Nick himself."



SNOW MAN.



LOOKED out on the swift
Windwhistle weather :
Lifted laggard eyes over the wood
Where sheltered snows sift
Steadily down together
Between the branches, and brood.

White wafers falling, falling,
Patterned haphazard mazing on the cill,
Pattered on the pane :
Only distant morning-calling
Threading through the moving still
Brought back to earth again.

Lidded glance lingers
Wrapt in the new night wonder
Self-revealing at morning
But busy-full fingers
Hurry-scurry over and under
Readying day's adorning.

A last look and then leap
Into the loud whirlpool of weather
As the door swings wide.
It closes behind with a sweep
And the snow and I together
Merge in the maze outside.



C. A. S--T-N.

I wish I loved the human race ;
I wish I loved its silly face.—*Raleigh.*
(Do I hell !—E.D.)

MISS R. M. F. W-TTS.

Come follow follow me.—*Song.*

R. I. T-RN-R.

A foolish son is the calamity of his father.—*Proverbs.*

M. R-DL-R.

How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.—*W. N. Ewer.*

THIS BRAVE NEW WORLD AND OURSELVES.



We live in a world where events move ever more rapidly toward undetermined ends. We live in a world where the machine is gradually coming to control man who made it. Like Frankenstein, Western science and materialist thought has created an intricate, well-planned monster—without a soul. Our standards of value approximate even more closely to the standards of the machine. Demos is in control. The prevailing standard of taste is that of Hollywood. The prevailing intellectual calibre is that of the yellowest press. The deepest passions of a people are stirred by the Totalisator. Our Municipalities are packed with short-sighted materialists, whose vision of the "Jerusalem" in England's green and pleasant land is of a vast suburb of corporation estates. Our Parliament itself has decided in solemn council to permit sky-sign advertising. The former comfort of star-gazing into the deep spaces of the universe is to be taken from us. Many a fair place in England is sold by unpatriotic landlords for considerably more than 30 pieces of silver. The intellectual life has not escaped—certain modern psychologists and countless novelists lead us (necessarily) into the darkest and murkiest places of the soul and (most unnecessarily) leave us there. For how many does the bleat of raucous jazz form the staple if not the only musical fare?

A visitor from another planet might well ask of the world (and not least of our own country), "Quo Vadis?"

Our Universities and Colleges, what part do they play in the macabre dance of our machine age? Do they acquiesce in and reflect external conditions? Do they merely provide legal luminaries and pedagogues who urge on still further our aimless rush? Or do they hold themselves apart—in the world but not of it—clinging to old traditions—half-sceptical, yet fearful to let them go? Or do they play their real part in preserving, in each generation for the next, what is worthy in our long heritage? Do they play their true part in trying to stem the mad rush—in giving direction, poise and idealism to a world which has forgotten what it never really learnt?

Universities have a responsibility to the world. Whether we care to admit it or not, the leaders of society, in one form or another, come from the Universities and Colleges of a nation. Do students see themselves in a true light? Many will say frankly that to them a University course is a competitive thing, of great use in getting a better job than the next man. And that is all! Some sneer at what they call "dreaming spire philosophy," and yet the lessons of wisdom learnt in cloistered leisure would help if applied in the world, to give it what it needs—true stability and purpose.

Universities have failed as Universities (as opposed to cramming institutions) unless they set forth bravely the ideals of Truth, Beauty and Goodness—unless they are an inspiration to those who enter for a brief span and then depart.

The mediaeval idea of a University (and worth consideration for all its age) was an institution where all were students in quest of truth—some indeed having farther travelled on the road and giving of their experience to those who followed. Can we say that our Universities, especially our modern Universities, have kept this ideal constantly before them in the stress of modern conditions of life.

What a University must give to its products is a conviction—a conviction that these are eternal values, in the search for which lies true wisdom—that mass-production in every department of life is a profound mistake, that Beauty should be the dominant note in the world—that ugliness, however dignified with the name Utility must be abhorred. Unless the men and women of our Universities carry with them a conviction of truth into their life and vocation, the nation and Western civilisation is in grave danger of losing in a few generations much that transmutes animal existence into life.

We have a splendid ally in the B.B.C., which is keeping the head of culture above water; it is teaching Demos how to think—how to listen to “the other point of view”—how to be tolerant—intellectually, not apathetically. The B.B.C. is scattering the seeds of culture with a lavish hand—some, more than we may surmise, are taking root. And yet, hearken unto our “party-men,” our “little minds,” our utterers of platitudes who raise voices in anger at this new thing that is teaching us how to think.

But we in England have some elementary lessons to learn. We must keep the countryside free from the jerry builder. We must learn that the housing problem will never be solved by building miles of rabbit hutches in the once pleasant country around our cities. There are other ways.

In bigger issues (though not more fundamental ones) the Universities must play their part. They must teach politics to free itself from the old shackles of the party-game. The politician must be distinguished from the statesman.

Although it is no longer fashionable to attack Christianity and the philosopher, mathematicians have silenced the mouths of the callower critics, yet there is a tendency in certain quarters to regard Christianity as a played-out force. Pseudo-Christianity—so long current amongst us—is played out. At best it was a poor travesty of the real thing. We are beginning to have a glimpse of what real Christianity is—not an escape-mechanism from the problems of life, but the key to them. The statesman who said, “Let the nations rise to a higher spiritual level and these problems will resolve themselves,” was merely saying in modern dress, “Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you.”

At Universities we are beginning to see that the artificial barriers between the several forms of worship are belonging to psychology rather than to philosophy. There is a unity of spirit among all men of good will, and it should flower easily and strongly in a University atmosphere.

If only we who are at Universities can rid ourselves of the idea that education at a University is something more—much more—than getting a degree, we shall perhaps realise that we are in determination to build a real “brave new world.” And if any braver world has been envisaged than the Civitas Dei, I do not know it. We shall realise, I think, that our search for that “untravell’d world” towards which we slowly move, many roads to truth reveal themselves—as many as there are individuals to tread them.

But through the tribulation of the years, we are slowly coming to realise that the true aim of human idealism is simply “Ut Omnes unum sint.”

MER.



L, déferle en mon cœur une mer enchantée,
Et des rocs se dressent en la brume dorée
Des larges matins bleus, qui semblent impassibles
Ainsi que de grands Sphinxs. Et lorsqu'au soir, le vent

S'abat, et la nuit sur les eaux calmes descend,
Il monte de la mer comme une voix diaprée
Dont la suavité tranquille et modulée
Me berce doucement en des lacs invisibles.

Mais l'Océan reprend son mugissement sourd :
Les lames roulent, puis chancellent,—et se brisent
En un gémissement triste comme l'amour.

Et les pins noirs, qu'agite lentement la brise,
S'en vont, vers le lointain, en longue théorie,
Comme des pénitents sur les chemins, qui prient.



B. F. G. H-RR-S.

Of all the clever people round me here
I most delight in Me—
Mine is the only voice I care to hear,
And mine the only face I like to see.

"Home Thoughts in Bloomsbury."—Roy Campbell.

S.C.M. FINANCE WEEK.

He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him.—*Proverbs.*

B. J. F. M-WBY.

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—*Twelfth Night.*

POETRY TO-DAY.



IF I were ever to publish a book of poems, I think I should print a short preface, saying, "This book of poems will not be a success. Indeed, if it were so, I should be surprised and disappointed. I had at least anticipated bringing them into the world without the spurious acclamation of the critics. For that would mean that I have failed, that I have merely followed on in the line of Noyes, Masefield or Humbert Wolfe. Consciously or unconsciously, because they are writing down to a public or because their own taste is no higher than that of their readers, these men write to take the popular ear, following along a line which has no point of contact with the true development of English poetry in the last thirty years. To put a new author with them is to condemn him offhand."

This is a damning statement, but a revealing one. It goes to show the immense gulf between poets and readers of to-day and those of even a hundred years ago. It is not an exaggeration to say that all the significant poetry being written to-day is completely unknown to nine-tenths of the people who read poetry. It may seem quixotic to say that the position would almost be better if the poetry of to-day were known and condemned. This would at least show that the public was aware of what is worth talking about. A hundred years ago, the poetry that was discussed was usually the poetry that has lasted; readers did not think themselves "advanced" if they read the latest poetry and liked it, nor did they form themselves into coteries to admire the young Tennyson.

We may well ask ourselves what is the reason of this ignorance and indifference. They are due to lack of interest in poetry and the poor state of taste. They are bound up, especially with the nature of the present-day reading public. Q. D. Leavis in her "Fiction and the Reading Public" gives a devastating account of modern habits of reading. For most people reading is simply a means of passing the time, usually by means of pleasurable wish-fulfilment. Thence springs the preponderance of fiction as matter for reading. The public that reads to pass time wants an easy, straightforward tale; it does not want to be obliged to use its mental powers in such an exercise as reading poetry, for poetry does not yield the same satisfaction as fiction does for a small output of effort, nor does it usually portray such intriguing circumstances as the average novel. Men have come into this way of reading and thinking, largely because of their school training in their boyhood, where the very word "poetry" was, and often still is, anathema maranatha in their ears. Poetry for them was a lesson, and it was self-evident that no pleasure could be derived from anything which had been a form subject at school. Bad teaching and indiscriminate learning left them, by a natural revulsion, the disciples of Rudyard Kipling and R. W. Service and other "open-air" poets. Before compulsory free education, only the children who were, on the whole, likely to appreciate literature, studied it. Nowadays at school it is forced on all and sundry. Some are permanently alienated who might have come to appreciate it instead.

A further reason for the lack of interest in poetry lies in the amazing telescoping of poetic development in the last thirty years, so great indeed that a man quite conversant with poetry in 1900 would find himself to-day completely bewildered by poetry which some of the most reliable critics consider as at least significant. Poetry to-day seems to be on the eve of a great leap forward; a new Renaissance in poetry seems close at hand. Indeed so great is the development made within recent years

that in the technique as well as in the thought content of poetry, the last thirty years has produced as much advance as the previous hundred or hundred and fifty years. This advance is chiefly, though by no means entirely, due to two men. Reading his poetry, it is amazing to think that Gerard Manley Hopkins died in 1888, and for almost twenty years, in the midst of the Victorian era, had been writing his strangely self-sufficient poetry with its closely condensed thought and its technical devices of "sprung rhythm." The greatness of his originality is realised when we think that, among other poems, "The Wreck of the Deutschland," and the "terrible" sonnets, are still far from universally appreciated. Hopkins should, however, be considered a twentieth century poet, since his works were not published until 1918, through the agency of his friend, Robert Bridges, to whom he had given them before his death to publish when he saw fit. While G. M. Hopkins is chiefly notable for his technical originalities, T. S. Eliot's originality lies in his thought and content. For technical devices he considers himself indebted to Ezra Pound, "il miglior fabbro," but the way in which he uses his material in "The Waste Land" and the shorter poems, is his own. "The Waste Land" is a short epic of 433 lines which draws its material from a wide range of subjects—anthropology, comparative religion, literature and philosophy amongst others. His subject is, as far as it can be conveyed in a few words, the spiritual sterility and aridity of our days. Around this central theme he accumulates an amazing number of allusions, so great indeed, that the notes he furnishes to the poems, though about half as long as the poem itself, refer only to the more recondite allusions, for the reader is assumed to be familiar with Dante and the Troubadours, the later Elizabethan drama in England, various books of meditation and religion, English literature since Dryden, and French literature since Baudelaire.

"The Waste Land" and many of the shorter poems, "Burbank," "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" with its

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

"Gerontion," "Whispers of Immortality," amongst others, show such a great succinctness of thought and concision of phrasing, as well as depth of meaning, that one can easily credit that Eliot is the most important poet writing in England.

But these two poets with whom the majority of present-day poetry readers are probably unacquainted, serve to show the change wrought in poetry. No great names have emerged except these two—Eliot and Hopkins—yet the interest in poetry is such that the majority of people are unacquainted even with their names. Even amongst those who read poetry it is only a critical minority who even realise who are the significant writers, a point F. R. Leavis makes in "Mass Civilisation and Minority Culture." The state of culture to-day is such that, so far from being able to judge the better poets by the reputation they hold, one is far safer in discounting the popular and "distinguished" poets. For in the face of the almost revolutionary progress of the last few years, readers are full of uncertainty and mistrust. Those who have not an independent critical spirit, cling to the "safe" names, and in poetry these names are of the type of Bridges, Masfield and De la Mare. A true critical awareness can never come into existence so long as the accepted poets are roughly fifty years behind the times. For in poetry it is easy enough to be behind the times. Conditions have altered in the last fifty years and the world is vastly different, yet J. C. Squire, Humbert Wolfe, Alfred Noyes and many others can continue writing as if the last fifty years were of no significance. What was natural before mechanisation and industrialism were carried to an extreme, is so no longer, and for the poet to ignore them or to treat them in a discursively picturesque way, is to present a false view of life.

Poetry such as De la Mare writes can only be called "escapist." In this type there is no effort to tackle the business of life, but rather a one-sided concentration on the "romantic" things of life. If he prefers to deal with inessential things or if his talent is such that he cannot write ably of other things, then he is so much the less a poet. The dream element in poetry, whether it takes the form of wish-fulfilment or vicarious satisfaction, is wastefully pleasurable and is of this same escapist type and often shows itself in the re-creation of an imagined and romantic past, both non-existent and irrelevant. It is a selfish and ultimately self-destructive hedonism to take refuge in the past.

"Poets were seers once. Then why not now?
Poets had audience once from rich and poor,
And doors stood open for them. But, look now
How they sit huddled over the dying cinders
Of Keats and Wordsworth mumbling what they said
In thousand combinations. So each book,
Still-born at press, seems anagrams of poetry
And echoes of dying echoes."

Bacon took all knowledge to be his province. No one could claim to do that to-day except the poet, and it will be when the poet becomes a seer again that poetry will come into its own.

I see signs already of this new sythesis of life through the poet. Eliot has prepared the way, and there are those among the present generation who are not slow to follow. The poems of Ronald Bottrall, W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis and Stephen Spender show an increasing recognition of the poet's spiritual duties. It may be through them that we shall pass out of the waste land of to-day; it may be through others. These at least can be trusted not to ignore the issues of to-day and to-morrow. Spender's "Poems" and the book of "New Signatures," while not mature, show a realisation of the difficulties to face and a sincere wish to solve them. More than their best efforts we cannot expect.



THE BELOVED.



MY beloved, I am faint with love,
And my sad heart looks out to see thy coming,
Longs for the magic healing of thy hand !

Come quickly, my beloved, O come quickly
(I lie in grievous pain because of thee) ;
Come, and bring oils and ointments for my wounds,
Heal my sick body ; make my eyes to see,
So it be but thy beauty that they see.

Long time I grieved, knowing my wound was sore ;
I sang, and it was thou my words sang of ;
Listened, and heard the music of thy voice ;
I lay awake, and only thought of thee ;
I dreamed, and it was only thou I saw.

Long time I suffered, ere I called to thee,
O my beloved, but I call thee now.
The winds and airs shall be my messengers,
And they shall bear my voice and speak to thee.
Lend ear, O my beloved, when they speak ;
Quickly make ready and so come to me.

The waters of the sea will be thy pathway,
And all the waves will make attendance on thee,
And bring thee safe, my love, to where I lie.



E. I. T. TH-CK-R-Y.

I wasted time and now doth time waste me.—*Richard II.*

G. WH-T-H-D.

All the Latin I construe is, " amo " I love !—*Browning.*

MISS H-GH-S.

Well, you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man.
Romeo and Juliet.

CONFESSION.



AM an only child. That fact and that fact alone is the cause of much that has gone to embitter my life. I grant that there is much to be said for the solitary life, but at this point I am not concerned with present advantages; what is troubling me is the thought of the future.

You see, this fact of my being an only child brings about as a natural consequence the frustration of one of my dearest hopes. I can never be an uncle.

I have always longed to be an uncle; ever since my youngest days I have been filled with that desire. I was unfortunate in my childhood in that, whilst I had a swarm of aunts, I had no uncles except individuals who had somehow become uncles through the accidental circumstances of marriage.

When quite young, I expressed my hope of having a brother, or, failing that, a sister, not for present companionship, but because of the glorious possibility of the future.

I am perfectly aware that it is more blessed to give than to receive; I am conscious that my motive was mainly selfish; I know that I was desirous of pleasure without responsibility. Yet there was another side to this ambition of mine. I had a picture in my mind's eye of the disgruntled old bachelor drawn into the family circle, discovering in the happy prattle of the children a reminder of his own care-free days of sublime innocence, and finally warming into the generous protector of happy childhood.

Alas! it is not to be; the hope is thwarted; the sublime vision fades; I come back with a start to the realities of the present, and stare moodily into the dying fire; and on my lips are those saddest of words, "It might have been."



SOUTHAMPTON. WATER IN EARLY SPRING.



ASTENING to inform an earth of cheer too long deprived
That first of spring days is at last arrived,
Granting of summer days a foretaste, precious gift !
The sun now gleams reflected o'er the rippling-calm expanse
(Save where a surf-swept sandbank solitary lies
Or half-hid wrecks and breakwaters arise),
And radiates happiness again,
In each bright patch, in every streak, each glance.
Forty-three seagulls utter, in passage swift,
A harsh-melodious refrain ;
While tar-stained, idle barges float alone
And newly-painted yachts at leisure drift ;
And ever overhead the seaplanes' loud, incessant drone.
Here huddled, old-world quayside houses stand,
In front, the stony beach ; behind, green woods and meadow land.
Watching, a long-forgotten, new-remembered ecstasy I know ;
Many a fleeting, uneventful month has passed
Since upon such a view my eyes reposed last ;
Now from the still-tumultuous scene I go.



B. D. L-V-NGST-N-.

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel, now that's just what I am.—*Innes Randolph.*

P. W. S. -NDR-WS.

It is a form of war, even, self-assertion and being wise for other people.
Let people be wise for themselves.—*D. H. Lawrence.*

Miss G-L-.

I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.—*The Tempest.*

R. D. W-BB.

I dream of a red-rose tree,
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me ?—*Browning.*

PHILOSOPHERS AND OTHERS OF TO-DAY.



THE old philosophers may or may not have believed in the theory of re-incarnation, yet they were obliged to take on new forms and come back to earth for a space. Many outstanding traits of their pre-existence persisted, and in the new life these traits flourished with remarkable vigour. I take a few of the philosophers at random.

First, there was Lycurgus, slightly more rotund than in his previous existence, while his features were no longer Grecian. Chief legislator of Sparta, he was not allowed the royal title. Nevertheless he visited the wise of other lands and returned with lessons he had learnt to amend the laws of his own country, which was fast lapsing into a state of anarchy, so bad a state in fact that such things as late leave and public festivals were demanded upon the least possible provocation. Working with the sanction of the oracle (and occasionally without) he achieved such success that now he may go down in peace, secure in the knowledge that his countrymen will maintain inviolate the constitution as he left it and that certain tribes will rebel no more against the governors sent by the oracle.

Eratosthenes, the philologist and philosopher, was a contemporary of Lycurgus. Tall and dark in appearance, he was the exact opposite of the chief legislator. He had given up astronomy in favour of literature, architecture and athletics. His faith in human nature, never very strong, used to weaken perceptibly at intervals during the year. In his old age, he saw Demosthenes, a rising young orator, come before the public eye. A fluent speaker, with very advanced ideas, even for the so-called modern age, Demosthenes could always be relied upon to stand up and to speak up, likewise never to shut up. He spent most of his life denouncing Dives and waiting for the revolution which, he was sure, was inevitable. In complete contrast to him was Epimenides, the philosopher. As a boy he fell asleep and woke a generation later as an experienced and wise man. Consequently he was the sworn foe of public festivals and nymphs,

“who come and trip it as they go,
on the light fantastic toe.”

Extremely learned and a hard worker, he devoted himself to the study of ancient languages. He was fond of literature, and might have been a good orator but he kept his utterances for those few Spartans who could appreciate him.

Aristophanes was a contemporary of Epimenides. His usual picturesque appearance was much admired by the Spartans. Fond of debating, he directed the shafts of his wit, which were very keen, against all of whatever rank who spoke on religious, philosophical, social, political or literary subjects. He held up to ridicule such men as Demosthenes and the strangers who met together to debate during the second month of the year.

The celebrated philosopher Pythagoras was a contemporary of Aristophanes. Not particularly outstanding in appearance, he combined with the virtues of his pre-existence the bane of his contemporaries—an exaggerated sense of his own importance. Fond of society, he was a staunch member of a fraternity, the members of which had bound themselves in closest ties of friendship to active co-operation in the cause of co-education and to disseminating and encouraging a kindred spirit in the community around them. He left no writings behind him.

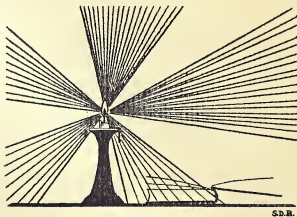
Several years before Pythagoras, Leander had been a well-known figure in Sparta. Tall and athletic, he tended to be an egoist. Neither a philosopher nor politician, he left no writings and taught no disciples. His chief work and interest in life, besides Hero, of course, was an aquatic ball game. He was also known to have instructed young children in the three R's.

Cleobulus, the greatest of the seven sages, considered the other six unnecessary. As a writer he left lyrics, riddles, verses and rhapsodies. An egoist and a keen actor, he wooed the Muses Thalia and Melpomene. At one time he used to belong to the same fraternity as Pythagoras.

Aeschylus, senior by a few years to Cleobulus, was the father of dramatic and choral works. In his youth he visited other lands, but returned to end his days in Sparta. Occasionally he studied philosophical works and listened to the utterances of the oracle, doubtless hoping that one day he, too, would be qualified to teach the young.

Hippomenes, the athlete (though he did not look like one), was a well-known figure in Sparta. To him, life was a joke, consequently he had a hearty dislike of work, especially of the philosophy of education. Although interested in the Muses Thalia and Euterpe, his chief interest was centred round a certain ball game.

These are but a few of the philosophers and worthies who have lived recently. There are many more, most of them fairly well known, but time and space permit not of individual mention, nor do their talents, good as they are, warrant it.



THE SOCIAL SPIRIT.

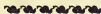


HE safe,
steady men
talk together in their club-rooms ;
the men who talk to you of " the wife "
with a hateful proprietary air
are playing billiards together
with a whisky and soda on the side table.

The smart business man
pushes his daily worries out of sight
with a neat stroke on the green.
(But of course he could not permit such liberty to his employees ;
they have their week-ends :
only the big brains that bring off masterly strokes of policy
need mornings off for golf.)

The landed gentleman
riding to hounds
in his expensive costume that dirties so easily
thinks what magnificent sport it is ;
even if they do have to pay a lot of compensation.
Still, it's worth it,
and, besides, all the county people do it.

I could pity them
if they did not pity me,
for, of course, hunt balls and club handicaps are so much better
than thinking for oneself ;
and I, what do I do ?
Only read books and write ; and often,
I sit, sit wearily asking questions,
wearily asking.



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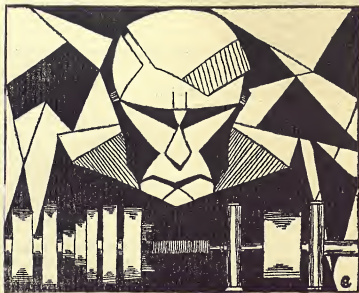
(ADVT.)

POSTER BAY.



AS ever a morning so clear?
keen whipping breeze,
masses of silver snow in a sky of steel,
short, slashing seas,
jagged white cliffs where the seamews scream and wheel,
the sharp spindrift stinging my ear.

The thin singing whine of the wind,
frozen spray,
chops of blue water now topped with white horses,
dipping away,
down in the sand little channels and courses.
Was ever a morn of this kind?



NOX IN DIEM.



BEHIND the East Gate of New Hall, the tall trees lace thin branches across the reddening clouds ; calling to each other, flights of birds wheel and turn above the sleepy quad, and blackbirds go hopping over the snowy coverture of the sacred lawns. The window-pane grows misty, for the kettle has decided to boil, and buffing and bubbling calls to duty. Time enough too ! for the man at the end of the corridor wants to be called at seven o'clock, and there are only a few more minutes to go. Back to my room on tip toe, kettle in one hand and a rattling cup in the other, to stand like Hecate over the seething cauldron of my teapot ; and then after an anxious pause comes the essay, and doubt gives place to relief as the rich brown drink flows steaming over the sugar lumps in the bottom of the cup. Milk is added, the spoon stirs vigorously and all is ready. There is no need to knock at the door for he will be fast asleep, and sure enough there he lies curled down amongst the sheets, tousled hair on the whiteness of the pillow. From the window the light flows down upon the bed, leaving the rest of the room in a religious darkness, save that from time to time the desk is illuminated as the morning breeze shakes the curtains.

The peace of sleep is upon him and upon others ; the Hall is a very cradle of sleep, and all lie sheltered in the giant womb of night. Day unto night, night unto day, and back into the dimness of time, and forward into the future, century rolls greyly into century. The sand flows in the glass, the river sweeps through its valley, the winds sigh in the branches ; forward unfalteringly goes time and for brief moments we play our little parts in joy and tears. In solemnity which needs no pageantry, awful in sublimity, the march of centuries steals from eternity to eternity, the theme of a giant figure stealing with reverential care down the aisles of the Godhead, softly enfolding the many pillars of his Being, mounting like clouded incense to the height of the towering campanile.

Back go the curtains, in floods the light, and the song of the birds comes faintly from the choirs in the trees. Sleepy eyes open and look around vaguely. And then there is a mighty stretching of arms, and I leave him sitting up, drinking his tea and gazing through the window. For a new day is here, everything is fresh and clear, and somehow or other it is good to be awake. Soon I must wake my other clients, and some will yawn, some will smile, some will be sleepily bright as if they had been awake for hours. Jolly good fun this S.C.M. Finance Week !



SONNET.

YOU are a stream amid the restive sands
Where I must wander desolate all the day,
Scorned as a prince from favoured foreign lands,
Although I wrest from Fate alone array.
When limbs are weary of the grass-starved dunes,
When eyes are reddened by the sunbred airs
That stir brown rushes into fitful tunes,
When heart is sullen of lust's penny wares,
I seek out you, and seeing you all pain
Is laved like seared stones by your innocence,
My lips for yours, as soul for shade, are fain,
And it is love alone which bids me hence.
Are you called Time? Time cannot always be . . .
Stream, are you lost before you reach the sea?



P.T. WOMEN.

Nature in the raw is seldom mild. (With apologies.)

P.T. MEN.

How beauteous mankind is.—*The Tempest*.

S. W. BR-GGS.

I wonder by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd?—*Donne*.

W. T-PL-N.

I rose up in the world, Ooray!
rose very high, for me.—*D. H. Lawrence*.

U.C.S. STAFF.

It is meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes.—*Julius Caesar*.

COLLEGE SONG.



LEAD the hell of a
 life i do says
 buecephalus the collegiate
 mouse
 but strenuisardua
 cedunt folks as i says to
 bevois in the M.C.R.
 Rats these here maidens and
 marks and things says
 ascupart all
 disgruntled like but
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HOME AND SOCIETY.



HE Inter-Varsity Debate was held on Friday, Feb. 3rd, at 8.0 p.m., when delegates from London, Bristol, Bangor, Cardiff and Nottingham debated the motion, "That the home can no longer be regarded as the pivot of English Society." The President of the Union was in the chair.

Mr. L. Miller, of London, proposing, treated the subject historically. When not indulging in repartee with a section of the audience, he outlined the growth of the conception of the home through the various stages of civilisation. The characteristic of the modern home was the equality between the sexes; to-day man no longer dominates the family circle: he shares everything, and this is as things should be. The speaker himself was quite prepared to share his debts with any woman. However, the home to-day lacked the solidarity which characterised the home of previous generations. Its influence was now negligible, since it was giving way to a much larger and finer unit, the State.

Opposing, Miss E. M. Stephenson, of Bristol, defined the home. Its hold on people was inevitable, since it was the scene and instrument of men and women in their childhood; in other words, when they were so easily impressed. The modern home was much smaller than its predecessors of other ages, a fact which ensured that parents knew their children much better, and therefore influenced them more deeply. This influence was so ingrained in later life that all our actions could be traced to loyalty to the home.

Miss Megan Jones, of Cardiff, seconded for the proposition, and proposed a scientific method of treating the subject. There were four essentials of a good home—economy, a good mother, a good father and a family. In modern homes these essentials no longer played their proportionate part; the home had become a mere hotel; the mother looked to higher pursuits than housekeeping; the father, disobeyed by all, was no longer master of the house; and the family was now a rare thing. Divorce was becoming easier year by year, and all modern tendencies were pointing to the impossibility of regarding the home as an influential unit of society.

Mr. R. W. H. Jones, of Bangor, decided to treat the motion from an engineering standpoint. A pivot, he understood, was a thing which goes in the middle, which implied that there must be something round it, and something which goes round. He then attempted to define society; by a process of elimination he arrived at the conclusion that it was the entire population. This society, he maintained, was more influenced by facts than by ideas; a man's humour depends more on the state of his breakfast bacon than on any philosophic idea. It follows, therefore, that the material advantages of the home outweigh the few ideas which might be laid to its charge.

There followed a little interlude, in which Mr. Hutchinson, of Bristol, conducted an imaginary orchestra of wheels, aided by the engineers in the audience. Society in Victorian times was like a wheel, which goes round and round, without making any progress. To-day, it was like a straight line, in which the home and the family had no place.

Mr. M. Said, of Nottingham, changed the whole tenour of the House in a brilliant speech. He accused the proposition of base ingratitude, of biting the hand that fed

them. English character has been built upon the solid foundation of morality which the home alone supplies. Behind English society lies a great tradition : before it, a great future which cannot be without the influence of the home.

In open debate, a variety of speeches were made, but none of any outstanding merit. Most of them were amusing, but contributed little to the actual debate.

Summing up for the opposition, Mr. Kitchin, of London, made an excellent speech, drawing together all the points which had been made against the motion, and building them into a well-balanced oration. He deplored the flippancy of the majority of the speakers, accusing them of fooling, while Rome is burning.

Mr. I. Worner, of Southampton, summed up for the proposition. In a very witty fashion he misinterpreted some remarks which every speaker had made. The proposition he declared, did not decry the home, but merely faced the fact that it held no pivotal place in life to-day.

There voted for the motion, 15 ; against the motion, approximately 200.



REPLY TO A QUOTATION.

May I ask if you are *really* superior
or if you only look it so wonderfully ?—" *Pansies*," D. H. Lawrence.

MISS E. M. GR-Y.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind.—W. H. Davies.

R. G. D-RH-M.

And his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.—*As You Like It*.

F. CH-LD.

He speaks very shrewishly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce
out of him.—*Twelfth Night*.

DEGREE STUDENTS.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep.—Coleridge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *West Saxon*.

DEAR SIR,



Will you grant me space in your pages to indulge in a little free criticism? I fancy I see you smile assent as you prepare to read on and find one or other of our antiquated and unsatisfactory institutions mercilessly torn to pieces, metaphorically, of course, though there is a limit to the patience of even the meekest and most creeping among us. But when you discover that the object of my proposed verbal battery is nothing less than yourself, I wonder whether you will remain favourably disposed to the project. In the hope that a broad-minded passion for the truth will outweigh any personal considerations in your mind, I will continue.

To come straight to the point without further ado, I have to take you to task for the undue prominence which you allowed, in your last issue, to be given to the subject of sex. If your contributors had nothing else of importance on which to exercise their literary talent then the fault lies with them, but I do not imagine that to be the case. The choice of the material, and therefore the responsibility, rests with you.

I imagine you, Sir, to be a propagandist of the New Morality, which holds that sex instinct is normal and healthy and therefore objects to the restrictions and conventions which hedge it about and drive it to abnormal outlets. I agree heartily with your principles, but not with your methods. You may have a frank outlook on the subject without letting it pervade unduly a territory upon which other subjects have a greater claim. There are other functions of the body beside that of sex (no doubt examples will occur to your discerning mind, so that I have no need to shock your readers with detail) of which there is no need to be ashamed, yet which one never dwells upon, or even mentions in a contribution to a literary magazine. I fail to see what greater claim to publicity the sex function has, except to the prurient mind, for which I hope your publication does not cater.

The reason for your attitude is, I believe, your aversion to the old romantic treatment of the subject. I am with you in condemning the mushy twaddle and sickly sentiment in verse form which has disgraced the pages of the *West Saxon* in the immediate past, but I fear that you have carried the reaction too far. I applaud your iconoclasm, but when you have hurled Love from its pedestal, beware of making the way easy for Bestiality to take its place, for the mass of humanity must have some object for its blind idolatry.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MAIDEN AGHAN.

("Maiden Aghan" voices an opinion which we have heard expressed by others; and we are therefore grateful to him for giving us this opportunity of discussing the subject.

The choice made from the contributions submitted seems to be the chief ground of complaint. In point of fact, the *West Saxon* of last term did no more than represent the proportion between contributions dealing with sex and those not dealing with it. In other words, the proportion amongst the rejected articles was roughly the same as between the accepted ones. This would seem to indicate not that the contributors had "nothing else of importance on which to exercise their literary talent," but rather that those members of the College who troubled to submit contributions for the last

issue (of whom I imagine my correspondent was not one) happened to consider that sex is one of the greatest influences in life, if not the greatest of them. Indeed, I am told there have been psychologists who have taken the same view. . . . A second consideration arises, however. It is that the standard of literary quality was on the whole distinctly higher among the articles dealing with sex than among the others. While, of course, discountenancing the suggestion that this indicates any higher standard of intelligence among the authors of those articles, I would point out that the satisfaction of a literary standard by no means high is often required from contributions by editors of literary magazines. I had long thought that the editor of a university magazine would hardly need to apply such a standard, but I have since changed my mind.

I should have thought that in a mixed college like our own, sex questions would have been of the first importance. If my correspondent considers the *West Saxon* too unacademic, I can only regret for his sake the absence of suitable articles on "Science and Myth," "Achimota College," or "Biology—a brief survey."

My correspondent says, "There are other functions of the body besides that of sex . . . of which there is no need to be ashamed, yet which one never dwells upon . . . I fail to see what greater claim to publicity the sex function has." Before these statements I can only stand in amazement. I should have been surprised to hear them from any source, but from a university man . . . I have always thought it abundantly evident that sex played a far greater part in life than the alimentary or excretory functions.

The fact remains that editors are confined to the scope of the contributions they receive (unless, as occasionally happens, they are reduced to writing their magazine themselves). The redress of those who dislike the tone of a college magazine is in their own hands. Magazines are usually written by a few enthusiasts with fairly well-defined views. While their ability to write English may be tiresome to their opponents, they obviously cannot be expected to write counter to their own convictions. The only redress for those who dislike the subject of sex in a magazine is themselves to submit well-written articles on other subjects.

I might add that I had no idea that I had hurled Love from its pedestal.—Ed.)

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

There is an aspect of college life which is apt to be neglected by a fairly large number of students. I refer, of course, to the social side, which is, as those in authority quite rightly insist, an essential to the maintenance of the "corporate spirit" in college. Those who remain aloof because "they have some work to do" I pass over with the observation that their outlook is extremely selfish. Their search is merely after filthy lucre and not the great joys which sociability and good fellowship can bring. Those who cannot dance, I would implore to learn.

There is, however, another class which I hope will benefit exceedingly from the following few observations. I refer to those who wish to join in any festivities but who cannot because they get "tongue-tied," cannot think of anything to say, lack the nimble wit which, darting from hence to here and back again, keeps up a ceaseless flow of chatter. The inanity of the chatter is of no consequence.

To these I would point out: The weather is a sure topic for conversation, and serves as a good opening; but, unfortunately, (assuming the occasion is a dance) lasts

only about ten bars (music). When that is exhausted, and if one's dancing is a trifle below standard, blame the floor, curse all the carpenters, sawmills and forests that you can think of, for failing to produce a first-class floor. If, after that, your dancing does not improve, give a sarcastic indictment of the band.

The band provides a good field of action. It can be considered as a whole, as individuals, as a number of instruments, as having no sense of time or rhythm, and as playing rotten music.

Having gone thus far, your partner will begin to understand you, and conversation should flow on quite naturally.

If, however, your dancing is quite up to standard, a different procedure should be adopted. The usual comment on the weather is quite safe. After that an enquiry, "What course are you on?" is good (provided it does not happen to be supper time), followed by "Are you doing it by degrees?" This sort of thing establishes confidence, but be careful about the wording of enquiries. For instance, avoid saying, "How long are you in for?" It denotes lack of breeding. If your partner observes, "I like dancing," repress the desire to say, "Well, why don't you"—you may lose your partner and get a bad reputation.

If, when you have managed to establish yourself in your partner's confidence by either of the above procedures, you should become separated, don't be disheartened, but try again and remember that Rome was not built in a day.

You may feel a little crude at first, but acquire the dash and the polish will naturally follow.

Yours sincerely,

ULWI.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

This day did hear converse on "feeling the pulse of an intellectual public." Whereupon, methought of my last effort and its disastrous effect upon my unsullied repute. For it would seem that my random ramblings into the philosophy of marriage did raise a pretty storm, and 'tis said by some that I have a low mind. Therein are they quite wrong, for how was simple I to know that my simple simile was to be so sadly misinterpreted by a fickle public?

Now the simple artisan would have been as much tickled by my article as was the poor trout. Not so, however, the intellectuals into whose hands this austere paper usually comes. He reads into the article's motives which be not there, and some did think that my simple fish was to be likened anatomically to a fair damsel!

This is obvious folly, and herein is the mighty Pan like a physician, for he knoweth what his public wants, but giveth them what he pleases; whereupon do they make ugly faces at his strong physic when they expect sweet syrup. Nevertheless, they feel the better for his purges, and receive greater benefit than they would from the sweetest of honied confections.

So take his medicine, say I to them, and seek not "double entendres," but drink in, rather, the plain truth that lies so near the surface in the simple script of

Your obedient servant,

DON,



SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.



Who writes these notes from Stoneham has but three things which really ought to be said :

1. How glad we are to have recovered our Warden, without any apparent damage, from the powerful clutches of America.
2. That we are extremely sorry that Miss Blake has been obliged to leave us for a short time. We hope that, as a result of this absence, our Matron will return to Stoneham in the summer term in really excellent health.
3. That we still have two pairs of gloves remaining at Stoneham since our last entertainment on Jan. 21st. It is desirable that the dear lady who owns them should soon claim her property, for there is a possibility that we may, at any time, send the furry pair to refectory for conversion into stewed rabbit ; for, what use are such small gloves to a man ?

RUSSELL HALL.

On the last day of the winter term we were entertained by Montefiore Hall. In spite of the influenza epidemic, numbers were good and no cases of suffering were reported during the evening. Everything contributed to make a very pleasant evening, for which we thank Montefiore very much.

This term we entertained Highfield Hall Seniors, and, we blush to hear, it was quite a good show.

We congratulate Mr. R. A. Shannon on his election as junior member of the Committee.

The enthusiasm which marked last term's activities has been continued this term. We hope that such enthusiasm will be widened and will include activities of all kinds in College.

R. T. K.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

No cataclysmic events have shaken the even tenour of our way this term, but a very vital life continues among our members. We have given one entertainment to South Stoneham, which we beg to consider as successful. On that occasion our Dramatic Society was once more able to make its appearance. Also, since the last issue, we have entertained Russell Hall, a few days before Christmas, with equal enjoyment. New Hall and South Stoneham have provided us with some delightful

evenings, and our Seniors are looking forward to visiting New Hall on Feb. 25th. (With regard to South Stoneham, our congratulations are due to them for that pervading air of novelty by which our members may never know whether they are to be transferred to ghost hunters, members of the animal and bird kingdoms, or even stranger creatures, in the course of an evening.) In conclusion, the inward life of Montefiore is to be seen in the revived system of House teas, at one of which we hope to have the pleasure of welcoming our former Warden, Miss Miller, before the end of term.

N. M. M.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

As usual, this term has been crowded with festivities, inter-hall and otherwise, and there has been little reason for dullness at the week-ends. On the first Saturday, our Seniors were well and truly entertained by Russell Hall, and a week later the Juniors had a delightfully riotous time at South Stoneham House.

During the I.V.D. week-end we were pleased to have in Hall with us the two women delegates, Miss Jones, of Cardiff, and Miss Stephenson, of Bristol.

On 11th February, Highfield had its last big function of the session, when it opened its doors to New Hall. The climax of the proceedings seemed to be the barn-dance, danced with zest under snow fire, when a general riot was narrowly avoided. At New Hall on 25th February (the occasion of the last inter-hall entertainment for many of us) we experienced all the pleasures of a good floor, good food and a good band, but the piece de resistance was undoubtedly the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood"; the reappearance of the aspidistras and the snowballs was a fine artistic touch.

Debating is proving a more and more popular pastime at Highfield. At a debate early in the term, a really fruitful discussion took place on the motion, that "Common Room accommodation at Highfield Hall should be centralised and enlarged." The project is one that has been discussed by the authorities for some time, it being felt that a central Common Room is an essential part of a hall of residence. As it is, the library (ideally placed for Common Room activity) as a library is profaned each night by jazz and dancing. During the long vacation, however, the transference of the library equipment to the present Common Rooms is actually to take place in readiness for next session, so the present library will then become the Common Room.

The result of the debate on this subject proved how gladly such a change would be welcomed.

At the second debate, held on 23rd February, the relative importance to the modern woman of marriage and a career was weighed up, the result being almost overwhelmingly in favour of marriage.





A.S.C.



It should be unnecessary to chronicle the doings of the Soccer Club. Everyone in College knows that we have not yet lost a match and that for the first time in our history we have reached the semi-final of the U.A.U. Championship. Reading University were beaten on their own ground (3—1) and Exeter were overwhelmed in the mud by five goals to two. Then the trek to Bristol, and a very fine match resulting in a draw. The privileged few who saw the game will never forget the continual attack on the Bristol goal in the second half and Bristol's gallant defence. The replay on our own ground is still recent history. Sufficient to say that victory was assured in the first half, and Bristol, with the aid of a strong wind, were unable to score in the second half. And now there is to be a test of strength with the champions of the Northern Division.

It is only right to add that all the team has worked hard for success. All turn out for training regularly and show commendable enthusiasm. What more is necessary?

The result of the U.A.U. Soccer Championship Semi-final tie at Southampton was :—Sheffield University 6, University College, Southampton 1. Half-time 4—1.

R.F.C.

Woe unto the "flu" plus an empty purse, and this continual "match-scratching" weather! Since Christmas many matches have had to be scratched on account of unfit grounds, etc., with the result that our much anticipated "B" XV hasn't been on show, in spite of the fact that several fixtures had been arranged for it.

The 1st XV hasn't amassed anything like so large a number of points as did last year's XV, but its performances in some of the more important matches have been satisfactory. We hope that we have now got rid of the idea that we could never win a U.A.U. Championship match since we defeated Exeter (3—0) on Dec. 3rd. We drew with Goldsmiths (6—6) on Feb. 11th on a very heavy ground, and we have still to show what can be done with King's, London, and a Reading University XV. Results to date :—

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points	
					For	Against
1st XV	22	11	2	9	169	179
"A" XV	13	4	2	7	73	103

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Despite weather of every conceivable description, and upon occasions beyond all description, the season has been a full and fairly successful one, few matches having been scratched. Injuries, fortunately, have been few and generally not of a sufficiently serious nature to necessitate wholesale changes in the team. The usual bugbear, school-practice, took its due toll, but it was possible to fill such vacancies thus created by members of the Second XI.

Sad to relate, we succumbed to both University College, Exeter, and to Bristol University. Our defeat at the hands of the former was a narrow one, by the best goal of three, and the least that one can say is that we were unlucky to lose. Bristol's victory at our expense, however, was a more decisive one. Added to their superiority was the trial of facing a piercing cold wind in the second half, when we conceded three goals. Good finishing by their Indian centre-forward carried the day.

The second term has seen an all-round improvement in the side, as seven consecutive wins go to show. The defence has been steadier and also assisted in attack, while the forwards, if not always capable of seizing opportunities and finding the net, have shown better combination. To those for whom this will be their last season with the team we wish the best of luck both on and off the field.

The record for the 1st XI to date is :—

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
				<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
20	12	4	4	73	36
					E. G. E.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

In spite of the number of losses from last season's team, necessitating the inclusion this year of five freshers, we have had quite a successful season. At the Hants Club Tournament held in October we were unbeaten, and we fought an indecisive struggle with South Hants L.H.C. for first place in our division.

Our 'Varsity matches have been disappointing, but we have hopes of a better result against Reading, whom we play at home on March 4th.

The team as a whole is to be congratulated on the marked improvement in the standard of play since the beginning of the season. Of the 15 matches played so far, we have won 8, drawn 2, and lost 5.

J. F.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

A solitary survivor from last year's swimming team wishes it to be known to all and sundry that the Men's Swimming Club will be in action again next term, and it is desirable that it should put up a good show. All with aquatic inclinations, please note !

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

The Club has passed through the most peculiar phase of its existence so far. With the exceptions of the Bristol match and that with the 43rd L.I. of last term, we have either won by a large margin or else lost by an equally wide margin. We were disappointed in not being able to send a whole team to Leeds, but we were represented there by Harley ; he ran an admirable race, finishing seventeenth after a strenuous run, during three parts of which a blizzard was encountered. We have not been disappointed in Brown, who has come on well. Giliker also deserves praise ; he is, probably, the most enthusiastic member of the club, and only a few of us know that he spent the whole of last session training to enable him to run in the team this year. His strenuous efforts have been amply justified.

In conclusion, we would also praise the rank and file of the team, who, whilst not so outstanding, yet support us so staunchly.

43rd Light Infantry	Drew	39—39
Winchester Training College	Won	109—62
R.N. and R.M., Portsmouth	Lost	47—89
Southern Universities' Championship at Bristol :—			
Bristol University 43,	U.C.S. 44,	Exeter U.C. 94.	"
R.A.F., Worthydown	Won	54—24
Yorks and Lancs Regt.....	Lost	57—114





TOC H. SOUTH STONEHAM GROUP.

"**T**OC H. maintains its vitality by adapting itself to circumstances." This statement is very true of our Group. Although our meeting place is at present an unfurnished room in an empty house, our numbers are steadily increasing. We are, as a Group, endeavouring to spread the good name of the College throughout the district. Our "jobs" take us to all quarters of the town, and we come into contact with people who have only a vague knowledge of College students. We hope this "personal contact" will have successful results in the future.

We have been fortunate enough to have had Captain Radcliffe, the Warden of the Sea-Going Boys' Hostel, to speak to us about this Hostel and its invaluable work in this seaport town. Padre Evans, of Mark V, Bassett, has also been a guest of ours this term, and he gave us a very interesting talk on the War as the background of Toc H.

We are looking forward to a still more successful term, and we give to all men a hearty invitation to our meetings, which are held on alternate Tuesdays.

D. W. M.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The rapid growth in the number of students reading Finals Chemistry during the last two years made possible the founding of a Chemical Society at the beginning of this session. This student society is really the successor of the old Science Society, which quietly "faded away" a year or two ago, after a long and honourable existence. Meetings are held fortnightly, on Fridays, and are addressed on subjects of current scientific interest.

The first session's programme, which is now drawing to an end, has been entirely successful. Up to date, six meetings have been held, and, judging by the good attendance and the keen discussion which has followed, have been thoroughly enjoyed.

The lectures have been on such varied subjects as "Vitamins," "The Electron in Organic Chemistry" and "Colour Photography." The grateful thanks of the Society are due to several members of the Staff for the keen interest they have shown

and for their ready help and co-operation, which have, in a large measure, been responsible for the successful launching of this new venture. We look forward with confidence to widening interest and rapid growth in this Society, and appeal to all members for continued support in the future.

J. A. H.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS, ETC.

The Study Group on India is still running. Mr. Casson addressed a well-attended lunch-hour meeting on "The Difficulties of Administration and the Problem of the Separation of Burma." Dr. Rutherford gave us a splendid unbiased talk on "The British in India," outlining the history of British Rule, showing the nature and origin of the present troubles and the problems of providing a new constitution.

A study-group on "British Foreign Policy" is going to be run in conjunction with the Political Society.

On February 10th, we were greatly privileged to have Dr. Garnett, the Secretary of the L.N.U., to address us on "The Necessity of Supporting the League." He gave us a very interesting talk, and it is a matter of regret that there was not more time for questions.

On February 21st, Mr. Poole revisited us and gave us a talk, which was very interesting and full of food for thought, on "The Student in International Affairs."

The attendance at meetings is regular, but there is room for considerable improvement in the numbers. To every member we would say, "Are you sure that you are doing your best to add to our strength?" If every member would honestly do his or her best to gain at least three new members, our Society would soon achieve that numerical strength which its object deserves.

The library is being used more extensively, but not many new names are to be found on the register. Do use the magnificent gift of the Carnegie Endowment and justify its existence at this College.

Miss P. Shields and Mr. P. Tayler have been co-opted as junior representatives on the committee.

P. W. S. A.

9th SOTON ROVER CREW.

The beginning of this term saw a further small increase in our numbers, and our meetings have been well attended, although the very cold weather drove even the hardest of us out of our uniforms.

We are very pleased to have our Rover Leader back safe and sound, so are the Scouts, who never ceased asking when the Professor would be back.

On Sunday, February 12th, we held a very successful hike. Leaving Stoneham soon after breakfast, eight of us set out and, after a short ride on the bus to Totton, we got into a swinging stride on our way to Cadnam Common, where we camped for lunch. During the afternoon we found our way to Plaitford, where we were admirably entertained to tea by a friend.

We arrived back at Stoneham at seven. Hiking should form a large part of the Rover programme, and it is hoped to organise more of it in the future. Although we only covered a short distance last time, the hikes will generally be in the region of 18-20 miles. This will afford an excellent opportunity for those of us who live far from Hampshire to learn a little of the country around Southampton.

Another hike is to be held on Sunday, March 5th.

Again Vine comes into the limelight. He has passed the very strenuous practical course for the Scouter's Wood Badge, and we tender him our hearty congratulations.

Unfortunately the visit which we hoped to receive from Headquarters Commissioner, Mr. Ernest Young, has not been fulfilled, as he was forced to give up public work owing to ill-health.

Next term at Whitsun we shall hold our annual camp; this has now become a tradition, and a very jolly one too. We hope it will be a record one this year.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



This term our programme has been well up to its usual standard, as the lectures have all proved very successful and intensely interesting.

This year saw the introduction of what we hope will be a regular feature in our future programme lists, namely, "student lectures." The first was given by Miss Mahoney, who spoke about her native country—Arizona. First-hand knowledge and an excellent selection of slides made the talk very interesting.

In conjunction with the Biological Society, we had F. W. Anderson, Esq., to lecture to us on his experiences as a member of the Cambridge University Expedition to Iceland during the summer of 1932. Mr. Anderson was in charge of the geology and zoology of the exploration.

He gave a graphic account of his trip from Hull to the island, and of his adventures on the ice cap and in the cold desert in the interior. Numerous sketches and slides all made for the talk, helped to make Mr. Anderson the most popular lecturer. Records were broken when nearly 200 attended, among whom were numerous extra-mural people who are interested in the Society.

Our third lecture was given by H. E. G. Tyndale, Esq., of Winchester College, on 23rd February. Mr. Tyndale has had considerable climbing and mountaineering experience, so that his subject, "Mont Blanc," was very well chosen. He gave a most interesting account of the routes to the summit of that mountain, and with the aid of a wonderful selection of slides gave the audience a vivid and accurate idea of the scenery and of some of the problems facing mountaineers.

Towards the end of this term we hope to pay a visit to the Ordnance Survey Office, and also probably to an ocean liner. Next term, out-of-doors rambles and excursions are being arranged, and it is hoped to have a fairly full programme of outings into the surrounding wonderful Wessex.

H. L. C.

S.C.M.

We should like to thank all those people whose generosity made it possible for us to send a full delegation to the Edinburgh Conference this January. This term we are arranging fortnightly general meetings and weekly discussion groups, by means

of which we hope to spread throughout the College the message brought back by our delegates. In this connection our thanks are especially due to the enthusiastic support and help of Rev. R. C. Rham, who accompanied our delegation.

A practical development of the Conference will be an Evangelical Campaign in the dockland area of this town in September next, planned by the Oxford University S.C.M., and in which they have asked for our co-operation.

We are looking forward to a talk from Prof. Cock on Feb. 27th, on "Light and Shade in Religion in New York," which will be followed by discussion.

Finance Week (Feb. 18th—25th) is receiving its usual energetic support, both in the Halls and at College.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

We were very glad to welcome the Rev. P. W. Kennedy, curate of St. Mary's, as the new leader of our Bible Readings ; we have had a splendid series of studies on I Peter. St. Mark's gospel has been chosen for our study next term.

We had a visit from Kenneth Hooker, M.A., late Chairman of I.V.F. Executive, on 29th January, who preached at the College service and addressed a men's meeting at Stoneham.

We should like to take this opportunity of mentioning the fact that this Union is affiliated to the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions and that its aim is to raise and maintain a living witness to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

Everybody knows, or should know, that the Society has been continuing its meetings each week this term, in order to produce "The Mikado."

It must have been a great disappointment for some to be told that there was "no room" on the stage, but we sincerely hope they will again turn up to rehearsals which will be held after the opera.

The Symphony Concert is to be given on June 9th, and we are expecting a large chorus and relying on you for your help.

If any have been nervous or too timid to join, start right away next Tuesday, at 5.15 p.m., in the Music Studio ! Further notices will be posted later.

Finally, and most important, our greatest and heartfelt thanks must be given to Mr. D. Cecil Williams, our President and Hon. Conductor, for the very fatherly way he has nursed his "choral children," for "without him we could have done almost nothing."

ARCHITECTURE SOCIETY.

This term we have alternated as far as possible talks by members of the Club with those by outsiders, to whom we are very grateful for their help.

Miss Trout has this term given a series of talks on the development of English architecture, plentifully illustrated by slides or pictures. So far there have been four of these talks.

Dr. Potter has also given us a very interesting talk on "The Saxon as Builder," in which, without involving us in technicalities, he traced the development of Saxon domestic building from the earliest crude huts. Especially interesting was his explanation of the reasons behind the choice of village sites. We are very grateful to Dr. Potter for sparing us the time this talk must have taken to prepare, and hope we shall hear him again.

On March 6th, Mr. A. L. Roberts, the County Architect, gave a brief survey of Town Planning from the earliest times to the present day. He traced the development of the planning idea through the ages and concluded with a number of slides showing typical slum areas of to-day and of the kind of settlement that is being designed to replace them. During the course of the discussion afterwards, Mr. Roberts promised us another talk next term on present housing conditions.

The attendance at several of the meetings this term has been poor. This has largely been due to the fixing, at short notice, of other meetings on Thursday lunch-hours. We would ask the secretaries concerned to exercise a little consideration in these matters.

Finally, let me say that the Society's library, housed in Miss Trout's room, is available to all who wish to use it; considering the youth of the Society, it is particularly well-stocked, and members would do well to make use of this facility.

C. A. S.

CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club continues on its way with three teams playing each week. The first and second teams have met with moderate success in the Southampton League, usually winning or losing fairly heavily. Illness among the town team has led to the postponement of one or two matches, while the third team has functioned intermittently in friendly matches, chiefly with Taunton's School and King Edward's School. The adjudication of our Robertson Cup match against K.E.S. is not yet to hand, but should prove a win for us; we should then have to play the Rooks, who at present are doing very well in the league.

The knock-out tournament for non-colours men has now reached the final, in which L. J. C. Connell and R. S. King oppose each other.

We must thank the members of the teams who turn out consistently for us, and especially the Russell men, who are the mainstay of the first team.

Vine has continued to do well, while the Club as a whole is to be congratulated on its success at the end of last term in the Southampton League Lightning Tournament, in which we won both individual and team honours.

The performance of newcomers this year gives us reason to think that next year's should be one of the strongest teams we have had.

C. A. S.

THE COLLEGIATE ENTERTAINERS.

This year a new society has been formed in College—the Collegiate Entertainer. Our object is to collect such talent as exists in College, and by organising with its aid a little variety in the corporate life of our community. Our immediate objective is to provide an alternative to the normal lunch-hour amusements by presenting a

series of short lunch hour concerts, similar to the one recently presented during S.C.M. Finance Week. We would welcome the support of any members of the Union who have a liking for such a venture.

Our next public appearance will be during next term, when we hope to present a revue—"S.S. Wessex." Producer—C. W. Bending.

BOAT CLUB.

Having received an indubitably justifiable complaint that our notes rejoice in a supererogatory superfluity with regard to the architectotonic epistolary cadences, we have, consequent upon the animadversions of such atavistic morons whose vocabulary is restricted to monosyllabic ejaculation of an expletive character, decided after due and protracted ratiocination to prostitute our navigationally literary Muse to the azimuth of absolute ga-ga.

We play boats We play boats well—Nice!

The Club has in this ver-nal sea-son en-joy-ed a cer-tain mod-i-cum of well de-serv-ed suc-cess. The myr-mi-dons of one of our sea-ports, y-clept Bris-tol, were de-mol-ish-ed on their own area of aqua, and the teem-ing hordes of the met-ro-pol-is, re-pres-ent-ed by the Col-lege of the King, suf-fer-ed a si-mi-lar 'orrid fate at our hands.

This, dear reader, is almost as annoying to write as it is to read. In brief, the term has been crowned with success. The First VIII defeated Bristol over 7/8 of a mile by three lengths. King's were defeated by the First VIII by threequarters of a length, and by the 2nd VIII by two and a half lengths over two miles on the Thames. Both VIII's are entered for the "Head of the River," over the boat race course on March 25th.

The usual comic relief for the term was supplied by half the 2nd VIII, who succeeded in overturning a clincher four on the coldest day of the term.





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